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### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "Times" reports that "the German Press either avoids altogether or mentions in a few contemptuous words Mr. Wilson’s distinction between the German Government and the German people." But as to this there are several things to be said. In the first place, since the German Press, even more than our own, is Government-controlled, no very great enthusiasm for a distinction fatal to the Government can be expected to be made manifest in print. In the second place, it is not altogether as the "Times" reports, for in our own reading of the German Press we have come across many instances, more often oblique, it is true, than direct, of an appreciation of the significance and intention of Mr. Wilson’s analysis. In the third place, we are not at all sure that the absence of friendly comment in our own country upon a point which is certainly vital in Mr. Wilson’s mind is not a more serious factor in the situation than its absence from the German Press. Quite as conspicuously in England as in Germany can it be said that the Press, from the "Times" downwards, has avoided altogether or mentioned only contemptuously the distinction Mr. Wilson repeatedly drew; as if, in fact, the distinction were as unwelcome to us as it is alleged to be to the German people. Finally, we must reiterate our former judgment that our Press is mistaken if it thinks that Mr. Wilson does not mean exactly what he says or is not going to war for that object above all others. The German Press may continue for a while to treat this distinction with silence or contempt; our own Press may play into the hands of the Prussian autocracy by maintaining the opinion that the German people and the German Government are one and the same in temper, character and motive; but Mr. Wilson, having declared his democratic faith, will not, we are certain, be moved from his course until he has justified it. Sooner or later, therefore, not only Germany but the Press in this country must realise that if that distinction is not as yet realised, it must be made real.

After all, upon what evidence is the conclusion come to that the German people differ fundamentally from any other people ever known? Four years ago it was commonly held that the German people were cousins of the English; four years hence, we have little doubt, they will be held to be cousins again. Can cousinship be suspended at will merely on account of the temporary insanity of one of the relatives? Looking away from the immediate delirium of the war and from the saddening and terrifying spectacle of what our racial cousins can be provoked to do, in many other respects we see, in fact, that the German people are not unlike ourselves. Recent events in Berlin and elsewhere have shown, for example, that the German working-classes are actually capable of going on strike; and this in the midst of a war which, by hypothesis, is the dream and ideal of their lives. But that mere fact is enough in our judgment to establish both the essential sanity of the German people and their likeness to ourselves. Again, it is not we know the habit of the English Press, with its capitalist apprehensions, to draw public attention to the bitterness felt in Germany against war-profiteers. The parallel thereby suggested with our own country would become too obvious for the safety of our wealthy classes. Nevertheless, our readers may accept our word that from the very beginning of the war to the present moment, and with increasing volume, the cry of the German people against the German profiteers has gone up unceasingly and with no more effect than our own. And is not this to prove themselves human? Still, again, when we have by an effort of imagination, such as it is the duty of statesmen to make, put ourselves in the situation of the German people, we see, in fact, that the German people are not unlike ourselves. The historic development of your liberty, the Deputy-Chief of the Prussian General Staff only last week told the readers of "Vorwärts," depends upon your victory in
this war; therefore, you must fight on. Would we wonder, our own Labour leaders resist such an appeal; but would they not, if they yielded to it, be liable to the charge of militarism, when, all the while, it would be more liberty and not more war they were after? A few exercises in imagination would, we think, re-establish the faith in a balanced and upright Germany, at least within the country of democracies the tragic German people.

However, let us admit that the "Times" and "Britannia" and the other anti-democratic organs of the Press may be right in their opinion that the German people and the Prussian militarist caste are block and chip; we do not then for the life of us see what gain in hope we have from it. From Mr. Wilson's resolution that the German people no less than democracies elsewhere are to be delivered from military or any other form of autocracy we can draw a hope not only for the future of the world but for a definite and triumphant conclusion of the present hideous war. We can say that when the Hohenzollerns have been compelled to abdicate, either as a consequence of defeat in the field or of defeat in the streets of Berlin, the Allies and the world will have won a decisive victory. But that plan, if ever it was practicable, is imperative. The assumption, namely, that people and Kaiser are one, no decisive victory leading to a durable peace is possible, now or at any time. It is even less possible to-day than it was before America came into the war and Russia became democratic. Before either of these tremendous events occurred, it was logical enough, if not reasonable for the Allies to count first upon a military defeat of Prussia, and secondly upon such territorial and other arrangements dictated by themselves as would improve indefinitely the tardy military power of Prussia for ever. We had only to isolate Germany politically and commercially from the rest of the world by setting powerful political enemies all around her and by ringing her about with economic pacts, to ensure ourselves against a repetition of her present attempts to dominate the world. And that plan, undoubtedly, was in the minds of the diplomats and politicians who were responsible for the sketch-maps of the new Europe and for the resolutions of the Paris Conference. But that plan, if ever it was practicable, is no longer practicable. Everything has been chancy for the mighty events to which we have referred. By forsweating with profound sincerity any aggressive or even hostile intentions against the German people, the Russian Revolution has notified the Allies that Russia will not now be a party to the permanent strait-waist-coating of Germany. And by his distinction between the German people and the Prussian oligarchy Mr. Wilson has no less emphatically withdrawn America from any calculation the Allies may have made of the possibility of blaining Germany up for ever. If, therefore, the "Times" and Miss Christabel Pankhurst are correct in their opinion that the German people and the Prussian oligarchy are indifferent, the outlook is black in the extreme; for in that event the permanent confinement of the German nation is a necessity of any durable peace. For all the same time, as we have now seen, no such permanent confinement is possible in the absence of the support of Russia and of America. Where, then, is there any hope for peace?

It is plain that under these circumstances there is only one of two things to be done. Either the "Times" and Miss Christabel Pankhurst are correct in their opinion that the German peace and the Prussian militarism is one, or we must re-examine the nature of Prussian militarism to discover in it, if possible, the distinction Mr. Wilson sees between it and the German people. Which of these, we ask, is the more promising alternative? For our own part we have no doubt of the answer: it is the latter. And here to our hand in a recent issue of the "Lokalanzeiger" is material for the examination. Replying to the very charge of the "Times" that militarism has infected the German people, the "Lokalanzeiger" with an obvious effort to be reasonable, explains-explains, mark you—that German militarism, in other words, the reliance of the German people upon their Army, has been the historic outcome, not of a fundamentally evil character in the German people, but of our old familiar and common human failing, Fear. Germany saw herself-the "Lokalanzeiger" explains—surrounded by enemies, and, at any rate, by rivals who might become enemies at any moment. North, East, South, and West, on every side were nothing but enemies. Will America do but "submit to put on the Prussian coat of mail"? Prussianism, you see at once, is both a state of mind and a system. Its state of mind is fear, the fear of the German people: the system is Prussian, the militarist ambitions of the Prussian oligarchy. Now, it is all very well to reply that these German fears were imaginary, and that, in fact, no such enemies existed; moreover, that there must have been a militarist predisposition in the German people to favour the grip which Prussia got upon them. We have too recent and too vivid a recollection of what we were driven to do by imaginary fears to belittle their power; and we are not yet ourselves out of the wood of a menacing militarism in our own country. Predispositions to almost any abomination exist in all of us; and when they are deliberately and systematically played upon by a powerful Government they become manifest as characteristics shocking to witness and to experience. Our diagnosis of the German malaise is temporary militarist mania induced by Prussian designs playing upon German fear; and it follows that our remedy is to destroy Prussian militarism first, but afterwards and immediately to remove German fears. Depend upon it, if we destroy Prussia and leave Germany a prey to fears, our present bloody work will be all to be done over again. In the state of mind in which Germany found herself before the war; in the state of mind in which the plans and pacts of our politicians and commercial classes will leave Germany after the war; the Prussian coat of mail will be put on and again put on, and still again put on. As fast as we can destroy Prussia, Germany will create Prussia. For Prussia is only the incarnation of Germany's fear.

We are very much mistaken if all this is not clearly in the mind of Mr. Wilson, and if his intentions, unlike those of the "Times" and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, are not to bring into effect. And it must be remembered, in order to give their proper weight to them, that what Mr. Wilson's intentions are he will be able to carry into effect. We have only to reflect that America by the time of the peace conference will be the strongest military and economic Power in the world, to realise the weight Mr. Wilson's views will necessarily carry. Is it not then worth our while, as the Editor of "New Europe" has been driven to ask, "to redouble our efforts to comprehend the American mind and to gauge aright the intentions of America in entering the war"? If America's intentions must needs carry as much weight as our own in the coming settlement, the need to understand them, before hers and ours find themselves clashing, is imperative. Well, then, the first thing to bear in mind is the distinction upon which we have just been dwelling and the practical consequences it will involve. There is to be no confusing of Germany with Prussia and no penal legislation against a Germany that has once separated itself from its militarist government. A second is indicated by Mr. Wilson's views in the following terms. Not only, says "New Europe," can none of the special European problems return to their status quo, but the new events "make it tenfold more imperative for us to bring the Irish problem to a successful solution, and to show our bona fides in India."
Still a third necessary reaction upon ourselves of American materialism must be produced by the greater "idealism" of the American germ, that is, of course, to speak of America's materialism and of her worship of dollars; and it is true enough that in commercialism America is as bad as the worst of us. But commercialism in America has not the ingrained and cultured character of commercialism in this country.

An American Mr. Stachey, quoting the Greek classics in support of the vilest forms of profiteering, is not to be found. Culture, in short, is separate in America from commerce, as culture in England is largely bound up with commerce. But this separation allows of a practical idealism in America which is absent from English public life; and it has already begun to manifest itself in ways impossible in this country. Look, for instance, at Mr. Wilson's Letter of Appeal to his countrymen on the eve of entering the war. It has not the classic platitude of Mr. Asquith; but it breathes throughout a spirit of practical idealism. The American people are on their trial, Mr. Wilson says, and he expects heroism of them. They are to labour and to save, to forgo high profits and to maintain a cheerful spirit in all the circumstances of their life. It is a Crusade in which they are engaged. Look, again, at the resolution of the big food manufacturers to limit their profits at a loss to themselves, to the good many millions; and the speech of Mr. Madden, one of the wealthiest Congressmen in America, who offered his money to the State not only without interest, but without even requiring that it should be returned to him. The contrast between the tone in which our readers know has been uttered by our own businessmen to carry on during the war "Business as Usual!"—and they have done it!—is patent; and even when we have allowed a margin for reaction the difference in reality will be no less manifest. We repeat with "New Europe" that "the new will constitute not only forces but new ideals to the common service of the Allies"; and that it behoves us to welcome the one no less than the other. But let it not be, oh let it not, in the tone in which the "Times" Military Correspondent has received the American offer of a loan to the Allies at half the rate of interest at which we lend to ourselves! This journalistic Pecksniff writes that such a contribution "will absolve American citizens for all the common stock a part of the wealth they have accumulated during the war." Thus the beam addresses the mote. We do not remember that Colonel Repington has ever urged our own wealthy classes to speak with a single voice, and to speak imperatively. The Dublin "Evening Telegraph" reminds us that, after all, Ulster is not Ulster. Of the nine counties composing the province, three return only Nationalist members, and in only one of the remainder would a nationalist fail to be returned. In other words, Ulster is not homogeneous, or even predominantly Unionist. On a plebiscite of the whole of Ulster, Home Rule would be demanded. What democratic reason, therefore, is there for allowing a minority to wreck the Empire? The prospect from failure to settle Ireland—even if it means the coercion of a handful of Ulstermen or the ostracism from English public life of seven or seven of us—are very well do without—is gloomy in the extreme. We are not prophets, but we can see plainly enough the difficulties that will arise if Ireland, with the approval of America, Russia, and the British Dominion, demands Home Rule during the peace-conference, and is refused it by England on account of a portion of Ulster. But perhaps less said at this moment is better.

It might have been thought that the "Nation" would have been too wary at its age to acclaim a new politician as a great statesman, for its path is strewn with faded laurels. Nevertheless, it has described Mr. Fisher's speech in introducing his educational proposals as, "a speech of noble enthusiasm." In much the same spirit, Mr. Asquith, in his speech in introducing his Home Rule proposals, has expressed himself as "well phrased. What outstand of this phrasing if it cuts no ice we can pronounce by the "Times" twice over, and will now become the permanent epitaph of Mr. Fisher whenever he speaks in public. It is that his oratory is beautifully phrased, has "a twang," to leave them quiet. And referring to the Kaiser's present promise, the "Times" writes that "this is what Frederick William III said in 1818, and the German people had to wait 20 years, and the Paris Revolution to get it." We know that we are at war with Germany, and that seas of blood divide us; but is it really the case that what is true of German policy and German politicians is false of English policy and politicians? We know, in fact, that there are plenty of little Bismarcks and Kaisers in this country of whom the "Times" is always willing to be the sycophant and apologist.
spised it; and it seems, moreover, compatible with a
good deal of the sort of stuff with which official
typewriters make us familiar. Take this, for example:
"Nothing has been more remarkable than the attention
which has been recently paid both in the public Press
and on public platforms to the subject of education . . .
evidenced in two quarters from which a clear note has not
always hailed [very often, or, rather seldom] been sounded." Will somebody overlook the
conventional lies in these periods—as that nothing has
been more remarkable, when, in fact, nobody has re-
marked the attention at all—and point out to our dull
understanders the importance of thinking quarters in
phrases like these? However, it is too late to be critical: the word has passed;
the sea has been kept open to spread to the world the
news that Mr. Fisher phrases well; and we can con-
dently expect the word to be associated with him to the
day of his early doom.

When we can turn our minds from the contempla-
tion of the beauty of phrasing to examine the substance
of Mr. Fisher's speech, what is it that we behold?
Paraphrasing our remarks about Russia, the "Times"
thus bids us at every war a new educational reform.
Fifteen years after the Crimean War, elementary education was established; after the
Boer War Mr. Balfour abolished School Boards; and
now before even the present war is over, Mr. Fisher
is proposing to raise the school-leaving age to fourteen,
and to open day-continuation quarter-time schools for
children up to eighteen. Wonderful, we say, won-
derful! A million men will have died to bring about
this reform. But let us examine the marvel a little
more closely. It is well known in circles below the
perception of the phrasing Mr. Fishers that the secret
of the apparent hostility of wage-earning parents to
the raising of the school age is economic. Prolonged
education means prolonged expenditure on the part of
the parents, with diminishing return to themselves.
The only justification, therefore, for raising the school
age of the working classes is either consequent endow-
ment—in fact, scholarships for everybody—or the
prospect of higher wages with security. Without one
or other of these two compensations, the raising of the
school age is a direct tax upon working-class parents
and only secondarily in the interests of the children
themselves. Neither of them, however, is to be found
so much as hinted at in Mr. Fisher's speech of noble
inspiration. His day-continuation schools, moreover,
are not to be universal or compulsory; they are to be
local and permissive. In other words, they are to be
opened or closed at the whim and interest of local
employers. If this is not Capitalism in possession of
education, we do not know how to describe it. And
Mr. Fisher of Balliol is the bailiff thereof. Note,
finally, the amount of money which Mr. Fisher is pre-
pared with his noble enthusiasm to spend upon educa-
tion—a sum of no less than £4 millions a year. It is
ten shillings per annum per child; and half the daily
expenditure upon the war. Three years of war
the nation has spent a hundred times as much in destruc-
tion as we spend annually upon popular education; and
a millionaire of Mr. Fisher's reforms would be needed
to incur the present national war-debt.

Surprise, however, was the last emotion with which
the careful student of affairs was likely to be afflicted
on reading Mr. Fisher's oration. Some weeks ago we
drew attention (or, rather, we tried to draw attention)
to Mr. Fisher's preparation of our minds for his present
programme. You could not legislate in these matters,
said he, beyond the level of public opinion. And echoing
or anticipating him—the secret which the Times, we
have it from good authority, has now revealed—Mr.
Fisher confidently expects the word to be associated
with him to the day of his early doom.

We shall not be suspected of approving of the appli-
cation of the foreign censorship to the "Nation" if we
remark that, as matters now stand, the "Nation" is
fortunate in having so many friends. True enough, it
has not such powerful friends as Lord Naseby—whom
the public press, beneath its compliments, of disappointment with
the boldness of Mr. Fisher's speech, what is it that we behold?
The only comfort we can derive from the circumstances
of Mr. Fisher's speech is the hint conveyed by. the
Press, beneath its compliments, of disappointment with
him. Even the "Times" expected something more
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Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdug.

The precise effect which the intervention of the United States is likely to have on the duration and conduct of the war is already a subject of considerable speculation; and some surprise appears to feel that the Germans have not yet shown signs of recognizing the great superiority of the forces now opposed to them. As I indicated last week, the participation of America is likely to have an immediate repercussion in the Far East; but what is its effect likely to be in the main theatre of war? The enemy's plans for the near future are simple enough. England, the main fount of supplies for the Alliance, is to be cut off or starved out by submarines before it is possible for the combined forces of the Entente Powers to defeat the German armies in the field; since, with the cutting-off of supplies, the war necessarily comes to an end when our Continental allies have used up their stocks of war material and food. But it has not been clearly enough understood in this country that from this point of view the United States has all along been as dangerous an enemy to Germany as we ourselves. A pro-German diplomatist remarked to me a few days ago: "America has always been in the war." Our blockade severed all commercial connections between Germany and America so far as direct trade was concerned; and our system of rationing neutral countries, which has now been in operation for at least a year, has deprived all our enemies of the advantages of trading with the United States through adjacent neutral countries.

As the Germans could not get supplies from America themselves, clearly the best course in the circumstances was to prevent, as far as possible, American supplies from reaching the Alliance. The logical conclusion of this policy was unrestricted submarine warfare extended to American shipping; and the direct participation of the United States in the campaign cannot, for the moment, change the position far Germany is concerned. It is now admitted on all sides that the submarine menace is the most serious, with the possible exception of the shell shortage in the winter of 1914-15, which we have had to face since the war began. In his latest public speech, delivered in the presence of the American Ambassador, Mr. Lloyd George laid special emphasis on the need of "ships, ships, ships." The shortage of shipping will be made up, in time, by the repair of the German ships which have now been seized after having lain so long in American ports; by the standardised cargo boats under construction in this country; and by the famous wooden vessels, to the number of at least a thousand, and possibly three or four times as many, which American shipbuilders are to construct immediately. The one question is, Can all these measures, excellent as they are, be completed in time? The "Observer" (April 22) has pointed out in unusually plain terms that the present Admiralty method of notifying losses due to submarines is very deceptive, since no tonnage figures are given—though tonnage figures, it should be added, appear regularly in the German newspapers, and are, as the "Observer" suggests, known to shipping authorities here. The "Star" and the "Daily Chronicle" (April 21 and 23) drew attention to the fact that submarines have driven our hospital ships, as such, off the seas, and henceforth they have been accordingly acted upon as warships, taking the same risks. This is clearly a very grave state of things; but it is little use girding at the Admiralty. The new type of submarine—a kind of submerged cruiser rather than the small craft we have usually associated with this form of warship—is a weapon totally unprovided for, and not even the most severe critic of the Admiralty has been able to suggest effective steps for dealing with it. Armed merchant ships represent only a partial solution, and it must be remembered that until quite recently the United States refused to recognise armed merchant vessels as non-belligerent craft—an example which was naturally followed by Holland and other neutral countries.

In his address to the American people published last week President Wilson has emphasised the shipping difficulty as strongly as our own Prime Minister; and undoubtedly the repairing of the German and Austrian shipping in American harbours will be proceeded with very rapidly. Further, the severance of relations by Brazil will prevent German submarines from taking advantage of the hospitality of a certain stretch of South American coast for twenty-four hours at a time. Let it be noted that this is the only direct and immediate advantage which we can secure as the result of North or South American participation in the war, and it is a small one. Mr. Balfour's Mission, together with the French Mission headed by M. Viviani, will undoubtedly be able to come to some satisfactory financial arrangements; and they may possibly be able to arrange for an American contingent to be sent to Europe sooner than the Washington authorities intended. But while all these discussions are going on, the submarine campaign is going on too, and it is upon the immediate results of this campaign that Germany's hopes of a draw are founded. Captain Bathurst has warned us that, if we eat bread at the present rate, we shall want fifty per cent. more wheat supplies than are now in sight. Before the next harvest, the first definite figure to be mentioned in connection with our problem of food, and it should have been made known long ago.

A far more important result—an immediate result, I mean—would be attained by a declaration of war on the part of Spain. The sinking of the "San Fulgencio," a fortnight or so ago, led to some energetic protest and a demand for an indemnity; but the pro-German elements in Spanish politics and in the Spanish Press promptly secured the resignation of the Government, and Count Romanones, a strict neutralist with pro-Ally leanings, has retired to make way for Senor Garcia Prieto, President of the Senate. For months past the Spanish Press, like Spanish political groups, has been divided into three well-defined sections—the section taking the part of the Central Powers, the section taking the part of the Allies, and the section endeavoured to remain strictly impartial and neutral. But it has been remarked that after time has passed the Madrid organs that the pro-German papers which attacked the Government were permitted to do so practically unmolested by the Censor or the Public Prosecutor, whereas papers striving to put forward the case for the Allies were greatly hampered in their task. It is not denied that the German campaign in the Spanish Press has been engineered from the Germany Embassies in Madrid and paid for by German moneys. Although, therefore, the mass of Spanish intellectuals and the liberal elements throughout the country are heart and soul with the Entente, as of necessity they must be acknowledged that German and Austrian influences are very strong. The participation of Spain in the war on our side might very possibly be followed by outbursts of rioting; for it is notorious that the German Embassy in Madrid has been encouraging the republican movement in expectation of this very contingency. But Spanish participation in the war would deprive enemy submarines of a useful European base, and would even provide us with a fighting force which has already had experience of warfare in Morocco.
Reflections on the Wage System.

By E. D. H. Cole.

VII.—AFTER WAGERY.

It is one thing to prescribe a method, and another to define an ideal. We have seen that, in order to end the wage-system, Labour must assume control not only of production, but also of the product. We have endeavoured to analyse the wage-system into its components, and to devise means for its dissolution. We have now to ask what, if we succeeded, would be the claims of National Guilds to control? Would they claim control both of production and of the product, and, if so, would their claim be an exclusive claim?

It is clear, I think, that the claim would be to both forms of control; but that, in one case at least, it would not be exclusive. The control of the product is the stronghold of capitalism, because upon it profiteering mainly depends. The whole conception of profiteering being alien to National Guilds, what measure of control over the product should the Guilds demand?

We can, again, conveniently divide our answer under the three heads of purchase, sale and investment. How far would the Guilds claim control of raw material? How far would they claim control of the finished article? And how far would they claim control of the flow of capital? In all these cases, I think their control would be shared in varying measure with other bodies, and principally with the State.

Control of raw materials may mean much or little. It may mean the procuring by various methods of supplies from abroad; it may mean the securing of a controlling interest in another home industry producing the raw materials required; or it may mean merely the purchase of raw material from an independent Guild. Two of these seem to me to be natural and inevitable Guild functions, while the second would only arise in the form of close relations and agreements between interdependent Guilds. The purchase of raw materials from abroad might, indeed, in not a few cases, be centralised in the hands of all the Guilds jointly; but that does not make it any the less a Guild matter.

The disposal of the finished product offers more difficulty, since upon this the profits of the capitalist are based. In this connection, we have to answer two questions. First, would the Guilds market their own products? and, secondly, what would become of the payment made for those products?

The second point may be taken first. We have seen that the whole idea of production for profit is alien to the system of National Guilds. The Guilds, then, will clearly not sell for the profit of their members. The income of the Guild member will not be determined by the amount which he is able to extract from the consumer of his product. This being so, one or both of two things must happen. Either the price of products must be regulated by some authority external to the particular Guild that is producing or selling them, or there must be a system of levy or taxation on Guild incomes which will skim off any surplus that might otherwise take the form of profit. I have dealt with this question more fully elsewhere: here I desire only to emphasise the fact that a Guild conducting sale will not be a Guild extracting profit.

If the question of profit is satisfactorily eliminated, it is surely evident that sale is a proper Guild function, to be conducted either through a distributive or merchant Guild or Guilds, or through the producing Guilds themselves.

Investment is the hardest problem. At present, as we have seen, investment is left to find its own level by means of the investor’s sagacity in picking out the most profitable enterprises. This process is accompanied by colossal waste and fraud, and has nothing to recommend it except to the speculator and the company promoter. Under National Guilds, investment, or the determination of the flow of Capital, would obviously be a matter for communal decision, since every penny saved is so much future wealth, instead of so much immediate consumption for the community. It is, in fact, the employment of labour on making capital, instead of perishable, commodities. It reduces the immediate divisible total of the national income, and must, therefore, be communally determined. The particular Guild desiring new capital or the placing of a heavy sum to reserve will, no doubt, have great weight in placing its recommendations before the community; but the ultimate decision cannot rest with the individual Guild. The State, as the representative of the consumers must have in it a voice equal to that of all the producers gathered in the Guilds Congress.

We see, then, that in the sphere of control over the product, though the National Guildsman cannot so limit his claims in the period of transition, they must, in the maturity of the system, be a division of power between the Guilds and the State. We have now to glance briefly at the other side of the picture—the control of production. Here it must be evident that the normal conduct of, and responsibility for, industry, will be absolutely in the hands of the Guilds, and that neither the State, nor any outside body, should have any say in nominating Guild officers or managers. State intervention in this sphere should, I think, be limited to making representations on the joint body—representing it together with the Guilds Congress, and to playing a part in taking decisions on that body. The exact power of intervention in the affairs of a particular Guild that ought to be possessed by the Guilds Congress is more difficult to determine, and probably should not be determined in advance. There is an obvious danger in making our system too rigid; and I, at least, feel that not the least important elements in the Guild system will be a vigorous and largely autonomous local life, and the preservation by federal systems of the individuality of the smaller industrial groups, and of groups within the larger industries.

We are now in a position to sum up our argument. Our immediate policy must always be determined by the end which we have in view; but the immediate measures which we advocate cannot be, in all cases, themselves a part of the end. We may have to secure in the transitional period forms of control which it will be our business to discard at a later stage. Thus, we may have in certain cases to accept now joint action (not partnership) with the employers; but our aim is none the less the total elimination of the employers. Similarly, we may have to advocate in the transitional period, forms of control over the product which the Guilds will have, at a later stage, to hand over to the State. If, on the one hand, we have to beware of becoming reformists and forgetting our ideal altogether, we have to beware also of becoming doctrinaires to whom nothing short of the whole is worth having, and to whom any stage is sufficiently condemned if it is clear that it will have to be repudiated at a later stage.

We must, at all hazards, seek economic power in the present, because only by our economic power can we hope to establish our ideal.
IV.—MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

The first question I asked Mr. Massingham was how, in his opinion, the liberty of the subject can be restored. Mr. Massingham replied that what Russia can do, we can do; what is needed to re-establish individual liberty is the revival of Parliamentary government. I asked if this is possible under the caucuses. Mr. Massingham said that everything is in solution for the time being; there is hardly any Conservative party machinery in action now, and hardly any Liberal. Mr. Massingham went on to say that he cannot see any immediate or absolute alternative to Party government; he feels that it is the affair of Liberalism to create a fresh medium of politics. A full democratic franchise—based on adult suffrage—is necessary; and it will have to gratify.

Mr. Massingham agreed that to preserve individual liberty, once it is regained, some active economic organisation probably needs to be added on to the political organisation. But he maintained that the political organisation can undoubtedly develop without the economic, and in advance of it. Mr. Massingham said that the experience of Labour in politics should not be brought up against this view, because so much of the political work of Labour was in the hands of tired Trade Union officials, whose life and energies lay so much in the past.

Mr. Massingham said that he expected a partial reversion to type after the war. I asked him if he thought this applied to Labour too, or that there would be changes. Mr. Massingham replied that within certain wide limits, it does not matter much what changes there are, provided there is a distribution of power between the working man and the employer, or, a more satisfactory thing still, a real amalgamation of the two interests. I suggested that this amalgamation may not be possible between an employing class, one of whose aims is to keep wages low, and a wage-earning class, whose aim is to improve its status. Mr. Massingham agreed that the amalgamation he spoke of is not possible with a wage-earning class, as such. The first step for Labour, he continued, should be to get joint management, which at first would probably be without the control of capital; many capitalists already are willing to go so far, but they will not allow Labour to control them. The wage-earners, indeed, are not yet educated up to this point—and all reforms must start with education.

I asked Mr. Massingham if he would agree that the salariat which does control the working of industries is really subject, though less immediately, to the wage-system. Mr. Massingham said that this is partially the case. So far as the real wage-earners are concerned, he hoped to see the wage-system disappear, and a fully developed system of education, Mr. Massingham said, is the way to bring this about.

To my reference to National Guilds, Mr. Massingham said that they were a real development in the economic field. Mr. Massingham said he believes in mixed individualism and socialism, and National Guilds do promise a true blend of these two tendencies. They are a stage upwards from the mere Trade Union, with a more responsible interest in the whole economic machine and a closer connection with it. State Socialism, on the other hand, is on the down grade; it has undoubtedly had a blow during the war. We have seen that it is useless to put any fool in a chair and expect him, as a bureaucrat, to control work with which he is very superficially, if at all, acquainted. Against National Guilds, Mr. Massingham spoke of the danger of neglecting the consumers' interests. I suggested that each guild would be a consumer as well as a producer, but Mr. Massingham feared that there might be conflicts of interests between guilds.

I asked Mr. Massingham if he thinks it possible to destroy the wage-system and establish National Guilds. "No class," Mr. Massingham replied, "is as yet ready to sustain a full change of system. The present system reacts on the character of the worker, and the character of the worker tends to keep down the system. Theorists must create the appetite for change." Mr. Massingham insisted that we cannot expect the wage-earners to will the overthrow of the wage-system; I complained that even our intellectuals, who are not entangled so vitally with it, do not encourage its destruction. And I asked Mr. Massingham if, should the political method fail, there is any other way of reform except National Guilds? Mr. Massingham replied, "There is always revolution." But the question for Labour, Mr. Massingham said, is one of method. Education is the first step. Labour must capture the schools before it sets out to capture the factories. The more highly educated the workers become, the higher future they will want; does not a higher supply of labour mean a higher demand for it? I asked Mr. Massingham how he thinks education should be improved. Mr. Massingham replied that for a limited period it may remain very much as it now is, but with an extension of the leaving age and a large development of the opportunities to scholars from elementary schools to go on to secondary schools and through these to the universities. Then a new day will be developed, and the passion for equality—the great need—will follow it.

I suggested that, before this movement of reform in education and politics can be made, we may find the Servile State upon us. "The preparation for the Servile State," said Mr. Massingham, "is being made in the inevitable action of conscription on a country like ours." I asked if it may not also be consolidated by the formation of trusts. Mr. Massingham replied that trusts must meet a certain resistance in the character of our people. But the situation wanted close watching, for all over the country small shopkeepers and their little capital were being wiped out, and after the war will come back as servants to industries in which, before, they were masters. "Still, I hope the people we ought to grow after the war," said Mr. Massingham, "will get sick of trusts." "Those on top will not," I said. "No, but those at the bottom will get so infernally sick of the people whom the war will have put on their backs." "But will not," I asked, "the shadow of war still be held over the workers after the war? As it now is?" "I think that black shadow," said Mr. Massingham, "will lift. With all its evils the war has created a host of new wants, above all, the want of a new life. This the gentlemen of the peace—whoever they are—will have to gratify."
An American Apologia.

I.

It is a curious but divine irony that most of the great pacifists of history—the men who loathed war and sought to end it—have been placed in positions that morally compelled them to fight. They have had to enter the wars of their times in order to consecrate and conclude them, making them the violent openers of freedom's doors, the procurers of a closer approach to mutualised man and his wedded world. Such is the destiny decreed to the last and the greatest of political pacifists—President Woodrow Wilson.

And by his action a new kind of war has appeared in the world—a war for which there is no adequate antecedent. We should have to go back to the Crusades for even a partial analogy. Although the campaigns of the Crusaders finally degenerated into expeditions for feudal plunder and dominion, at their inception they were inspired, just as America is now inspired, by a lofty and extra-national motive. Yet even so, their attention was fixed upon the past rather than the future: they naively thought the Christian religion was to be saved by the recovery of its local birth-places.

But the war which America is about to wage will have the future and not the past in view; and it will be universal in its scope and motivity.

America is but incidentally at war with Germany. It is upon a new and yester Crusade, rather than against Germany, that President Wilson is leading his people. "The world must be safe for democracy," he declares. "The menace to peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic Governments backed by organised force which is controlled wholly by their will and not by the will of their people"; and "a steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by the partnership of democratic nations."

Thus America will be fighting for a free and federate world. The inspiration of her armies and efforts will be the release of the nations, once and forever, from every feudal form and remnant. Her aim will be to set the invocations and opportunities of freedom before them—to compel and rejoice them with a human destiny decreed to the last and the greatest of political initiations at the hands of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, who went to America for this purpose fifteen years ago. He was received with a popular enthusiasm so inordinate that it became repulsive to self-respecting men and women. He was feasted and honoured by President Roosevelt, whose monarchical administration was then established at Washington. The result was an immense popularisation of everything German in America, and all things English were discredited.

Then there were vast academic influences at work for Germany's dominance in science and scholarship; for the university culture in America was essentially German in its tendencies and sympathies. This has been well stated by the editor of a great national journal, "Collier's Weekly." "Before the war," he said, "there was excessive admiration for the intellectual vigour and orderliness of the German search for the kind of knowledge that some day may civilise the world. Germany was the great post-graduate workshop for America. Every young man who wanted a precise understanding of his profession, or wanted to pretend to have it, went to Germany if he could afford to. The fact that he had attendell lectures over there was a better recommendation for him than a diploma from an American technical school. In former years the ambitious American student travelled to London or Edinburgh to read of the semblance of a new science. In recent years it seemed necessary for him to go to Berlin or Vienna. It was so in almost every branch of scientific training. Germans were, for Americans, the authority on everything from measles to Chinese pottery."

There was also a chain of powerful newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst, and reaching for twenty million daily readers. For years his numerous journals have insistently advocated an alliance between the United States and Germany against England and Japan. The same idea has dominated influential politicians—dominates them even now. Many Congressmen are still as pro-German as ever. They have merely submitted to an aroused and emboldened people, persuaded to their present high plane of action by the superb moral persistence of their President.

Nor is the world even now aware of the stupendous duel that has gone on, for nearly three years, between the intrigues of the German Government and the wit and wisdom of Mr. Wilson, standing resolute and solitary amidst issues and conspiracies of which he only knew. And although Germany has lost and humanity has won, it is through the miraculous tact, the international statesmanship, that held sway over this one man's onward and unchanging purpose. There is a passage in Plato's "Republic" which well applies to Mr. Wilson's patience during this momentous struggle. "The peevish temper," says Plato, "furnishes an infinite variety of materials for imitation; whereas this temper which is wise and calm is so constantly uniform and unchanging that it is not easily imitated: and when imitated it is not easily understood, especially by a general gathering of all sorts of persons. To the peevish temper of many of his countrymen, and especially to the attacks of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson gave neither heed nor answer. He kept on his way until his hour had come: he could not have acted an hour sooner than he did. And now his patience has been rewarded, his purpose fulfilled, in the war which America will wage for a free family of nations."

We may now rest assured that no peace will be made with the Hapsburgs or the Hohenzollerns. America will not sheathe her sword so long as a Kaiser sits upon a throne. She recognises in England and Italy fellow-republicanism, even in matters domestic: in many of her own states, even in her own house, and whose kings are merely symbols of a national unity; but over the Central Empires she sees the rule of that Oriental and anachronistic absolutism which has so long perverted mankind—so long prevented the true progress and self-expression of the peoples.

But this purging of the world of its feudal and autocratic past, of its governing classes, is only the beginning. From now on the war will take on new and wide
spiritual aspects—will become more and more religious, more and more apocalyptic. To the American mind and motive it will become a crusade for a democracy whose application shall at last comprehend all the facts and forces of life—all moral and social and economic relations; a democracy, in fine, which shall be an approach to the early Christian idea of the kingdom of heaven.

It is precisely this idea which President Wilson has brought into the sphere of practical politics. He has based the rights and relations of nations upon it, and the permanent peace of the world, as well as the freedom and fulfillment of individuality. It is the end toward which he means to shape the war, and which he means to make the motive and the goal of American participation in it. There are few that yet realize the significance of what he has done, and of what America will yet do; but the divine appointment of this participation will become manifest in a series of world-changes, in a world-union and an ultimate world-happiness, that are quite beyond the present understanding or belief of either religious or national.

II.

To Americans such as myself—who have been counted inconsistent in defending the delays of the President while pleading for the cause of the Allies—to us the present struggle for America is a realization and an exaltation which cannot well be expressed; for now we are delivered from what was indeed a tragic dilemma. From its beginnings, we have believed the war to be the supreme crisis of history. We have perceived, or have thought we perceived, the upon the war's results, upon the general decision as to its caused and consequences, would depend the fate of mankind for centuries to come. We have even thought the choice would be final, sealing once and for all the course and the issue of man's planetary career. And holding thus to the apocalyptic and definitive nature of these days, considering the true value of man's past history and experience to be wrapped up in the victory of the Allies, we have placed the achievement of that victory before all else that concerned us—before native land, before laborers in which our lives have been spent, before friends, before every personal plan or desire.

As ardent Americans, we naturally wish our nation to share in the sacrifice and glory of the defence of humanity against the German destroyer. But we knew that America, as a whole, was either pro-German or pacifist, and that only an intellectual minority favored the cause of the Allies. President Wilson knew this, and Germany knew, but the Allies knew not. We foresaw that if the German Government could force America's advantage. She could prevent the shipment of munitions and supplies to the Allies, and count upon the pro-German sympathy of the population, even to the extent of creating civil war. President Wilson was determined to postpone his decision until the nation should begin to understand the German menace, and to discern that the Allies were the champions of democracy. Even three months ago, Germany would have been the gainer if America had then joined the Allies. We seemed, therefore—those of us who were Americans and understood the dangers of a too early intervention—to be guilty of advocating the cause of the Allies, and yet of desiring the non-participation of America on their behalf.

Nor did the sorrow and perplexity of our position end there: we knew that America was lost if she did not make war against the Central Empires—not otherwise, we have repeatedly said, could she save or create her own national soul. Yet knowing even so, we were bound to protest against participation at the time America desired it—the time when she could still count upon not only a measure of American sympathy, but upon the intervention of American politicians on her behalf. We had to plead for confidence in the President's judgment, and to show the danger besetting the Allies through a premature American action.

III.

But all that is changed, and the whole world is acted as a consequence. For our President, acting now with such creative comprehension, is able so to act because he awaited the precise psychological moment. He studied the dial of the world's destiny; he watched the hands on the clock of God. With a patience as wise as it was magnanimous, with a spiritual shrewdness that reveals his kinship with Cavour and Lincoln, with a prescience that appears nearly supernatural, he held broodingly and bravely to his appointed times. Amidst the murrays of the un-knowing Allies, amidst the complaining voices of their anxious and unilluminated American friends, amidst the howls of mob-minded leaders as well, he let the Inadequate occasions go by, yielding not to their clamours or seductions; for he knew they were fraught with the failure of his final purpose.

But the stupendous hour came at last, and the man filled the measure of the hour; and now it is not only America, but an even more eager fellowship of expectant nations—not of nations envisioned and empowered with a new and wondrous world-purpose—this follows this first of world-statesmen into who knows what fields of battle to come. For now it is indeed a war between light and darkness—a war between a white and a black governing principle, each striving for possession of the world.

Shall authority become the candid and chosen servant of the peoples, based upon their free and federate will, proceeding from their mutual mind, their social spirit, their common affection? Or shall authority be imposed upon the peoples from without, proceeding from the will of a possessing and governing class, and administered by the mere fiat of a State that is an end in itself? It is to decide as to which of these two principles shall prevail—as to which shall possess and shape the world—that the war will be waged.

The end is not in doubt—even though the human race wade through woes yet unknown and immeasurable. Already, in the hour when America decided to fight for the freedom of humanity and the peace of the world—in that instant the old heaven and the old earth began gathering themselves together after-departure; and it is beneath a new and more intimate heaven, it is amidst the sudden vast resources of a collective spiritual precipitation, and into the tremendous morning of an earth newly born and transfigured, that Woodrow Wilson accompanies now the enameled and determined democratic peoples.

PALLIOLOGY.

God made a superman of straw,
The ambidextrous Bernard Shaw,
Who found in Christ that many a flaw
And made a public Jesus Shaw.
Not Moses with his rocky law
And fashioned iconoclasts Shaw.
Whose thumbs in parlour tables draw
Commandments of mosaic Shaw.
Convention or the Great White Squaw
Became the wife ofbagging Shaw.
Their offering issued from the jaw,
Not from the brain, of Zeus Shaw.
Shaw stripped and dressed the ancient saw
And saved up history in Shaw.
He's worshipped yet by Fabian raw
Who bears the still loud voice of Shaw
And poet he, that ever caw
Palillogy of Shaw and Shaw and Shaw.

And Shaw and Shaw and Shaw and Shaw.
An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Henry Carter.
(Zorn & Leigh-Hunt, Stock Exchange.)

In attempting to reply to the questions propounded, I venture in the case of No. 1 to alter the order of the sub-headings, and give first an opinion as to the industrial situation of—(c) the Nation as a single commercial entity after the War, if the position of England as a commercial entity after the War will presumably be dependent on the skill with which the question of credit is handled by banks and the Government.

The industrial situation of Labour after the War should, on the whole, be improved.

The policy of Trade Unions should be to open their ranks freely to both skilled and semi-skilled labour of all sorts, whether at home or abroad. For this purpose, the policy of the Trade Unions should be to open their ranks freely to both skilled and semi-skilled labour of all sorts, whether at home or abroad.

The question of credit is handled by banks and the Government.

The conversion of the increased masses of labour and increased masses of tools, must be at the end of the War, into increased masses of products, involves, therefore, the creation of increased masses of credit. This is the central question before the Government, and the banks. It is a question which will, therefore, be of primary importance to banks and Government, and one which the banks and Government must be prepared to handle.

The wise farthing of credit, either through the banks or through special local associations, is an essential requirement. The wise farthing of credit, either through the banks or through special local associations, is an essential requirement. The wise farthing of credit, either through the banks or through special local associations, is an essential requirement.
CONGREVE'S "Love For Love" has been revived by the Stage Society, and nobody seems a penny the worse. True, the dramatic critic of "The Daily News" thought that people tried not to look self-conscious between the acts; but he saw the play on Sunday, and the readers of "The Daily News" expect such observations from their critic. But on Monday, when I saw the performance, people seemed to enjoy it; they remarked that the play was very "modern," and a very agreeable change from the "dismal Jemmy" productions of former times. The house enjoyed the jokes, and I dare swear without any fidgety self-consciousness. People may take their moral consciousness to the performance of "Damaged Goods," but not to "Love For Love"; it is simply irrelevant. So far as the audience was concerned, the revival was a success; and so far as the actors were concerned, it was a much more successful revival than the previous performance of "The Double-Dealer.

For "Love For Love" is essentially an actor's play; it was Congreve's most successful comedy, and it has a greater variety of characters set in more violent opposition than any other of his works. It was the only play that Hazlitt exempted from his sentence of death on Congreve; "to the stage, they are already become a dead letter, with the exception of one of them, 'Love For Love.' The play is as full of character, incident, and stage-effect, as almost any of those of his contemporaries, and fuller of wit than any of his own, except perhaps 'The Way Of The World.' It still acts, and is still acted well. The effect of it is prodigious on the well-informed spectator." It would need a Hazlitt to do justice to Mr. Ben Field's performance of Foresight; certainly, I do not believe that Munden himself could have played better in the scene when Scandal makes Foresight ill by suggesting that he looks ill. Mr. Field had "the little more helplessness, the little more of the doating querulous garrulity of age," that Hazlitt demanded, and made, the mezzo-forte playing of "Damaged Gods," but not to "Love For Love"; it is simply irrelevant. So far as the audience was concerned, the revival was a success; and so far as the actors were concerned, it was a much more successful revival than the previous performance of "The Double-Dealer."

The women, too, were badly cast; Miss Mary Jerrold was Mrs. Frail only in physique, and she called her men friends "devils" with as much skill as Mr. Twain's wife gave to swearing. She was too much Meredith's "dainty rogue in porcelain," and not enough of Mr. Horner's "famous china"; her Mrs. Frail never had been at the World's End with a man, and her denial of her sister's accusation bore, on the face of it, the stamp of truth. She did rally a little when she jilted Ben, and she looked charming in her nun's gown; but she was altogether too dainty for the part, too much like the good woman summing herself in the sins of the classics. On the other hand, Miss Darragh was gauche as Mrs. Foresight; the French used to say that every Englishwoman had two left hands, and Miss Darragh curtailed as though she had two left legs. She was so down-right in her prudery that it was impossible to believe that she was only a mock- prude, and her surrender to Scandal lacked everything of comedy. She lacked artifice, and Miss Jerrold lacked abandon, both fatal omissions in these characters. Miss Mary Clare's performance of Angelica suggested that she ought to learn deportment by playing her own maid for a time.

But the characters of the play, Ben, Sir Sampson, Tattle, Foresight, were really wonderful. It was impossible to conceive a better Ben than that presented by Mr. Frank Cochrane; he was "the absolute sea-wit," and his explosion of f'o'c'sle jests in the drawing-room gave point to Sir Sampson's description of him as "a good fellow, but lacks polish." His courtship of Miss Prue was one of the best scenes of the play; and when he begged Miss Prue, who had just learned not to say what she meant, to be frank with him, and she replied in country fashion by calling him "great sea-calf" and "stinking tar-barrel," and so forth, the pair met on a common basis of contempt for each other. His "sheering off" was as truly comic as his attempt to get on board; he bristled at every rebuff like a sea-urchin, and gave so much better than he got that he reduced the clumsy country girl to tears.

What can I say of Mr. Roy Byford's performance of Sir Sampson? In any other age but this, it would be a landmark of theatrical history; people would mark it in their memories to tell their grandchildren: "I saw Roy Byford play Sir Sampson"; just as old people tell us now that they saw Phelps play Hamlet. The full-blooded vigour of the man, his lusty spirits and parsi- monious principles, mingled the manners of a country gentleman with the calculating shrewdness of a farmer, made an impression not easily to be forgotten.

Every scene in which he appeared was good; his quarrel with Foresight (poor old Foresight nearly died when Sir Sampson derided the planetary portents), his pertinacity in taking advantage of Valentine's "lucid" moment to make him sign away his inheritance, his proposal to Angelica, were all superbly acted, even to the twinge of gout when he knelt at Angelica's feet. He was instant in his possession of the stage, a "situation" arose so soon as he appeared; like a born actor, he made a play wherever he was, and made people act up to him. He had the Shakespearean quality that Hazlitt demanded, and made the most of the forte playing of Mr. Basil Sydney as his son, Valentine, seen dead indeed. It was not only the triumph of the afternoon; it was a great performance.
Readers and Writers.

ON page 71 of the new cheap edition of his "Self-Selected Essays" Mr. Augustine Birrell gives a postscript to his essay on Edmund Burke. It is as follows: "When I wrote this I had read Burke, but not a great deal about him; and the more you read Burke in his Collected Works the greater becomes your admiration, but the more you read about him ... the harder it is to like Burke as much as I at least desire to do." This footnote shows what comes of reading too much of a man's private life—of listening to a great man's valet, in short. But it reveals much more, namely, the heresy upon which I am always willing to fling my faggot, of contrasting a man's life and his work. Look again at what Mr. Birrell permits himself to be guilty of contending: that whereas the more he reads of Burke the more he admires him, the more he reads about him the less he likes him. Setting aside the clash of judgment involved in a simultaneous increase of admiration for Burke's works and decrease of admiration for Burke himself argues a defect of judgment in one or other respect, if not in both. Either Mr. Birrell is too critical of Burke's works than he ought to be; or he is too critical of Burke's personal character; for what is much more credible than that character and works are contrasted—to admit which would simply disestablish every principle of moral judgment in aesthetics and leaves aesthetics without a friend in the nature of man—is that Mr. Birrell is wrong in one or other respect.

Now, in which is he wrong? Having myself lately read the most scandalous accounts of Burke that have been published, I am quite prepared to agree with Mr. Birrell that the more you hear of Burke the less you are disposed to like him. But even as to this, there is the distinction to be remembered that to hear of and to experience a person are by no means the same thing. Merely hearing accounts, however well authenticated, of what a man has actually done, or is in the habit of doing, you may come to the conclusion (if you are very inexperienced) that on meeting the man himself you will inevitably feel towards him exactly as you feel towards those reports. Nothing, however wonderful, more commonly different. Often and often we come away charmed from the meeting with a man of whom we have before heard nothing but evil. May it not, I ask, have been the same with Burke? Would Mr. Birrell have disliked Burke so much if, instead of only hearing about him, he had seen him in his life and work. Mr. Birrell has been published, I am quite prepared to agree with Mr. Birrell that the more you hear of Burke the less you are disposed to like him. But even as to this, there is the distinction to be remembered that to hear of and to experience a person are by no means the same thing. Merely hearing accounts, however well authenticated, of what a man has actually done, or is in the habit of doing, you may come to the conclusion (if you are very inexperienced) that on meeting the man himself you will inevitably feel towards him exactly as you feel towards those reports. Nothing, however wonderful, more commonly different. Often and often we come away charmed from the meeting with a man of whom we have before heard nothing but evil. May it not, I ask, have been the same with Burke? Would Mr. Birrell have disliked Burke so much if, instead of only hearing about him, he had seen him in his life and work.

It will be gathered, I think, that my conclusion about Mr. Birrell is that he has failed to examine Burke the writer with anything like the seriousness with which he has examined him as a man. Shall I be accused of arriving at a foregone result if I say that I expected to come to it? Mr. Birrell is a man of esprit, a delightful writer, he has his charms, but he has his defects. He is, at bottom, the cultured Philistine. Note the phrase: the cultured Philistine. Matthew Arnold, after all, has not left the Philistines without a witness of his influence upon them. Since his day they have taken themselves in hand with the thoroughness he attributed to them, reading one that—poetry and works of imagination, as well as history and philosophy—going here and there, and generally cultivating receptivity with commendable industry. But still they remain Philistines—minds essentially unimpressionable to the great, the tragic, the sublime, the elevated. Here is Mr. Birrell, for instance, the pupil of Arnold, the fruit of his culture: on his own confession one of the "decent, sober-minded folk who love virtue, and, on the whole, prefer dull and sickly virtues to the grand qualities of a writer like Burke, and hence Burke's grand defects. For Burke, despite all his personal littlenesses, had a grand side to his character—which Johnson, for example, realised and admired; he had also, because of those defects, a mean side to his work. Put, if you can, Burke's personal life aside; forget that you ever learned anything about him as a man; and judge him as he revealed himself in his work—is it the fact that one must admire him the more he reads him? I think of his petty meanness in the indictment he drew up of Warren Hastings—a political attorney prosecuting a hero of tragedy with never a suspicion of the magnitude of the tragedy. I think of his failure to divine the tragic meaning of the French Revolution. I think of the pomposity of his style whenever he approached an aspect of the sublime. These were the grand defects of Burke; and they are to be read in his works even when we choose to remain ignorant of his life.
his life; not different but the same. Mr. Birrell, who sees nothing grand, however, in Burke's life, sees nothing small in his work. The great and the small are in both.

R. H. C.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

VI.—THE SACK WHICH CLANKED

The sand which had been a rich ochre turned to creamy white, the sea from blue became a livid green, the grass upon the sand-hills blackened and bowed down beneath a sudden gust of wind. The change was instantaneous, as it seemed to me. I had observed that clouds were gathering up in the mountains inland, but I had been riding in hot sunlight, only a little less intense than it had been at noon, when suddenly the chill and shadow struck me. Then I saw the sky completely overcast with a huge purple cloud which bellied down upon the land and sea. The waves which had been lapping all day long, now gave forth an ominous dull roar. White horses reared and plunged. A wind sang through the grass and thistles of the dunes, driving the sand into my face.

Rashid, who had been riding far behind, in conversation with our muleteer, came tearing up, and I could hear the shouts of the mukārī urging his two beasts to hurry.

"There is a village on the headland over there—a village of Circassian settlers," cried my servant, breathless. "It has a bad name, and I had not thought to spend the night there. But any roof is good in such a storm. Ride fast! We may arrive before the downpour.

My horse had broken to a canter of his own accord. I urged him to a gallop. We flew round the bay. The village on the headland took shape rapidly—a few cubeshaped, whitewashed houses perched amid what seemed at first to be great rocks, but on a close approach revealed themselves as blocks of masonry, the ruins of some city of antiquity. From time to time a jet of spray shot up above them, white as lilies in the gloom. The sea was rising. I discerned an ancient gateway opening on the beach and set my horse towards it, when the rain came down in sheets. I saw no more until the ruins loomed up close before me, a blind wall.

"Your right hand!" called Rashid; and, bearing to the right, I found the gateway. We waited underneath its vault until the muleteer, a dripping object, shrouded in a sack, came up with his two; and then we once more plunged into the deluge. The path, a very rough one, wavered up and down and in and out among the ruins. There were, perhaps, a dozen scattered houses without gardens or any sign of cultivation whatever, the contents of that sack clanked as he dragged it out. When he returned, he brought a bowl of eggs cooked in clarified butter, two slabs of bread, and a great jug of water, apologizing for the coarseness of the fare. We all supped together, the old man babbling of the days of old with great excitement. His son stared at me with unblinking eyes. At last, he said:

"I like thee, O hawajah. I had once a son about thy age. Say, O my father, is there not a strong resemblance?"

Thereafter he talked quite as much as the old man, giving me the history of their emigration from the Caucasus to escape the yoke of the accursed Muscovite, and enumerating all the troubles which attended their first coming into Syria.

"We are not subjects of the Government," he told me, "but allies; and we have special privileges. But the dishonoured dogs round here forget old compacts, and want us to pay taxes like mere fellahin." We sat up talking far into the night, while the storm raged without, and the rain and the sea-spray pounded on the shutters; and never have I met with kinder treatment. It was the custom for chance comers to have food at evening only and leave betimes next morning. But our host, when I awoke, had breakfast ready—sour milk and Arab bread and fragrant coffee—and when I went out to my horse he followed me, and thrust two roasted fowls into my saddle-bags, exclaiming, "Zad," which means, "food for the road." And much to my abashment he and the old man fell upon my neck and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Good people! The very best of people! They would take no money. God reward them," chanted Rashid, as we rode out of the ruins inland through a garden of wild flowers. The storm had passed completely. Not a cloud remained.

After an hour we came in sight of a large khan outside a mud-built village on the shore. Before it was a crowd, including several soldiers. As we drew near, Rashid inquired the meaning of the throng.
"A great calamity," he was informed. "A man, a foreigner, is dying, killed by highwaymen. One of his companions, a poor servant, is already dead."

We both dismounted, and Rashid pushed in to learn more of the matter. Presently a soldier came to me. "Your Honour is an Englishman?" he questioned. "Praise be to Allah! I am much relieved. The other also is an Englishman, they tell me. He is severely wounded, at the gate of death."

I went with him at once to see the sufferer, who seemed relieved to hear me speak, but could not answer. Rashid and I did what we could to make him comfortable, giving the soldiery orders to keep out the crowd. We decided to ride on and send a doctor, and then report the matter to an English Consul.

"He was going down to start some kind of business in the city over there," the soldier told me, nodding towards the south. "He had a large firm with several camels. But near the village of — he was attacked by the Circassians, and was so foolish as to make resistance. They took everything he had of worth—his arms, his money, and killed a camel-driver, besides wounding him. It happened yesterday, two hours before the storm. They say I should take vengeance for him. What am I—a corporal with six men to strive with Huseyn Agha and his cavalry! It needs a regiment."

He went grumbling off. Rashid and I were staring hard at each other. The village named was that where we had spent the night, and Huseyn Agha's roasted horse was in our saddle-bags. Rashid, as I could see, was sorely troubled upon my account. He kept silence for some time. At last, he said:—

"It is like this, my lord. Each man must see with his own eyes. People are as things: one finds them, good or bad. For us those highway robbers are good people; we must bless them, having cause to do so. This other man is free to curse them, if he will. Good to their friends, bad to their enemies. What creature of the sons of Adam can condemn them quite?"

Smith.

If we seemed unusually interested in Smith, you must remember that he had always been something of a dark horse in our circle. It is difficult to describe what there was about him that made him different from the rest of us, but perhaps you will understand what it was when I say that people who did not know him always asked (in an undertone) who he was. There was no doubt about it—Smith had "character." He walked more slowly than anyone in the town, and as he walked he gazed at the sky like one who is more at home in the next world than in this. In dress there was little to distinguish him from us; yet we often noticed that passers-by glanced at him twice. There could be only one explanation—Smith had "character." Altogether, therefore, I cannot say we were much surprised when one evening he quietly remarked that, though he never said much about it, he was by way of being an actor. But while we were scarcely surprised, we couldn't help admiring the way he had so modestly hidden his light under an ordinary serge suit. Moreover, we were flattered. It was really very good of an actor to take our club seriously. None of us was the sort of person to get his name into the papers; but now, with an actor among us, I believe we all felt that one morning we might find our club famous. In the meantime, there was all the difference between introducing "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Smith—the actor, you know"—and I promise you we never missed this opportunity of self-distinction. Another thing which we owed to Smith was the improving touch he gave to evenings which, it must be confessed, had hitherto been empty of ambition. After a little while we began to indulge a little in Shakespeare, and once we got so far as to call Shaw a high-brow—though never so far as to know what it meant. I am not pretending that our conversion was very radical, for the truth must be admitted that so soon as the novelty of holding a book in our hands had worn off, we discovered that our interest in drama was nothing more dramatic than a curiosity to see Smith act. Where did he act?—we asked him; but, of course, you couldn't expect an actor to give a plain answer to a plain question, and we didn't press the question, for we feared from one or two of Smith's gestures that he was temporarily out of a job. Later we gathered from a single sigh and a knit brow that, worse still, his life had been blighted—and while we rather envied him, we deplored the fact. It was a shame that the future of an actor like Smith should be lost to England for want of an opportunity.

Now it happened that Jones knew Green, the local theatre manager, and to Green, therefore, the club, through Jones, confided its hopes and fears about Smith. We begged Green to give him a chance. We vouched, as a club, for his talent, which, moreover, from the pallor of his face, anyone—even Green—could see he was burying in his pillow night after night. Perhaps, we told Green, he was an example of those tragic cases of unrecognised genius, the post-mortems on whom bring the blush to the cheek of their late faithless friends. Who could tell if Smith were not a bud in danger of being nipped? One thing was certainly in favour of this alarming hypothesis—Smith had "character." Wouldn't Green, therefore, help him? Green at last would. Green, I allow myself to say, was a brick. At the same time, he couldn't promise more than a small part to begin with. It wouldn't do, he said, to offend other stars and comets and solar systems. However, if Mr. Smith liked, Green thought he could promise him the part of footman in the play he was producing that month. It was a small part—one entry, one line—but still, there it was, a part—and properly delivered who could tell what whole it might lead to? Hadn't Shakespeare made his reputation as an actor in the extremely reticent part of Hamlet's ghost? It wasn't the length of the part—ars might be long, but drama was shorter—it was the way it was done that mattered. Drama was all way.

We took care to convey to Smith all, and more than all, that Green had told us; for, to be truthful, we were a little ashamed of offering our distinguished fellow-members so humble a role. Smith, however, bore the news with equanimity. It was a part, he said, as Green had said before him. The way was everything. It made a difference, he echoed Green again. The rest would follow, he finally concluded with Green.

We began already to feel that we had done a meritorious thing, and, to stimulate the feeling, we made a point, whenever we saw Smith during the following week, of asking how he was getting on with his part. "M'Lord, the carriage waits." (I transcribe the part at length.) We tried to get him to show us how he was going to say it: to rehearse to us, in fact. But he carefully refused. And when we appealed for his criticism of our amateur attempts, he would only smile quietly, and say: "Well, I shouldn't do it quite like that myself, you know." Provocation failed to dispose his modesty, and to our repeated "Then, how would you do it?" he returned only a smile and a smile again, as who should say, "Wait and See." From all
this darkness we had no doubt that the way our dark horse intended to acquit himself would bring down the house, and we naturally grew more curious as the days passed. I am certain, however, that if Smith did not practise upon us, he worked hard on the quiet. I remember, in fact, that his landlady gave him notice two days after he had accepted Green's offer; and though he never explained why. I afterwards discovered that for two nights he had kept opening and shutting his door like a cuckoo-clock, on each occasion striking the fateful words as he strode into the room.

An important moment was Smith's re-baptism; for it was unanimously agreed that with all due respect to Smith as a unmarried, woman-of-a-name, it was not the sort that looked at its best on a programme, or, say, on a picture-postcard. We searched a telephone-book and a directory with such telling effect that Smith presently reincarnated as Beverley d'Estcourt.

The night before the first-night d'Estcourt alone seemed unperturbed. Anyone might have thought we had all taken situations as footmen, so continually did we announce that the carriage waited. As a matter of fact, by refusing to show us how he was going to do it, d'Estcourt had accumulated an interest in his part which would certainly have been exhausted had he satisfied our curiosity by telling us. It is possible even that we should not have booked a upper circle seats in order to see d'Estcourt bring the house down on our admiring heads; and it is possible even that I should not have arranged for a little supper in my room after the affair should be triumphantly over. Not that we had said anything to d'Estcourt about the supper. He was the sort of horse to feed on bays. All we had suggested was a quiet chat, after his past, about his future; and to this d'Estcourt had agreed with a professional but significant gesture.

We all walked with d'Estcourt to the stage-door, where we left him to his ordeal to go to ours. For it is an ordeal to witness the ordeal of a friend. And to make it as purgatorial as it could be, d'Estcourt was not due to come on till Act V, the last act of the play, and at the very end of it. To be precise his lines were to be spoken after the interval our nerves began to twitter; we fidgeted as he waited for the stage to be cleared. We watched pot never boil? We could tell from the way he strode into the room like a cuckoo-clock, on each occasion striking the fateful words as he strode into the room.

Yet all the time, Mr. Lloyd George had a perfect calendar of events. He showed in his "Law of the Constitution," there never was a case of an announcement that had not been the intellectual property of the lawyer's story. The juryman who said: "I looks at the fellow in the dock, and I says to myself: 'If you ain't done anything, what are you there for?' So I brings them all in guilty," the War Office said that an article in "The Nation" had encouraged the Germans; but if that were not a sufficient reason for the prohibition, then the article has discouraged the British Army, and the Headquarters Staff had complained of it; and if that were not sufficient, then "The Nation" was owned by pacifists—a fact which proved everything. Yet all the time, Mr. Lloyd George had a perfect justification of the action of his Government; when no rational cause of any event can be discovered, we call it "an act of God," and even Mr. Massingham would have succumbed to such an announcement. What is the use of having been a lawyer, and of being a prophet, if one cannot announce "an act of God," or its legal equivalent, "an act of the Prince?" We are not living under "the rule of law," and besides, as Dicey shows in his "Law of the Constitution," there never was any law of the freedom of the Press; "writers in the Press are, in short, subject to the restraints of the law, and nothing else," says Dicey; and even before the war, when we were governed by law and not by regulation, the law of libel restricted, at least in theory, the right to criticise the conduct of the Government. Every person commits a misdemeanour who publishes orally or otherwise, with or without a seditious intention, any words or document with a seditious intention. Now a seditious intention means an intention to bring into hatred or contempt, or to excite disaffection against the King or the Government and Constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established, or either House of Parliament, or the administration of justice, or to excite British subjects to attempt otherwise than by lawful means the alteration of any matter in Church or State by law estab-
lished, or to promote feelings of ill-will and hostility between different classes." Mr. Lloyd George could easily have shown, if he had wanted to argue, that the action of the Government in merely prohibiting the export of "The Nation" was not only tenient but generous; for "The Nation" has been guilty of seditious libel, as we all have, again and again. It will readily be seen that criticism is a dangerous trade, and the treatment of military criticism suggests that it is scheduled as a "non-essential" trade. For Colonel Maude interpreted the military operations of the Allies so favourably, and was so optimistic in his prophecies, that editors will no longer publish his criticisms; and he has had to file his petition. The military critic of "The Nation," on the other hand, interpreted the German retreat from the Somme unfavourably to our Staff, to the extent of saying that we were taken by surprise; and the paper is therefore prohibited from circulating abroad. The inference is that the military critic is always in the wrong; if he praises our Staff work, he becomes bankrupt; if he criticises it, his circulation is restricted. What can the critic do? He ought to be able to do one of two things: to hold his tongue or to interpret every one of our operations either as a victory or as a step towards victory. For example, the military critic of "The Nation" wrote: "For some time our Army had been relentlessly pressing the sector from which the Germans retreated; yet we find that the enemy simply slips away, leaving few prisoners or material behind him." That is the fact as announced by the official communiqués; but a military critic ought to be able to interpret such facts as proofs of the supernatural wisdom of our Staff. Instead of suggesting that they were taken by surprise, he ought to show that it was a proof that they were sleeping with one eye open; and point to Bagdad or Palestine as the place where the real blow would be delivered. Anything will do for military criticism, provided that it does not reflect unfavourably on our Command.

The case of Colonel Maude does not furnish an encouraging precedent, but any other method of criticism is this dangerous to the unity of the nation, which is based upon the supposition that there cannot be two opinions about the same event. If there are one of them must be wrong; and by all the laws of England, that one cannot be the official one. Therefore, the unofficial opinion should be ruthlessly suppressed, and I marvel at the clemency of Mr. Lloyd George as expressed in his omission to stop the circulation of "The Nation." In Russia before the Revolution, Mr. Massingham would have been sent to Siberia; and I am by no means sure that this Government may not have to provide some similar refrigerator for unofficial thinkers. Certainly, the situation is rapidly becoming intolerable; nothing that this Government does pass without criticism. They want men for the Army; but if they take able-bodied men they are accused of ruining industry, breaking up homes, and so forth; if they bring in a Bill to make the invalids and disabled men liable for service, that is criticised and amended. If they do not fix maximum prices for food, they are accused of sloth; if they do, and the commodity disappears as it always does, they are accused of incompetence. If they were or- dinary men, they would invite their critics to come and do the work themselves; but they are not ordinary men, they are supermen, beyond comparison or criticism, almost beyond belief. Their ways are not our ways, nor their thoughts our thoughts, and when we think of it, as the censure of "The Nation" must make us feel, we are in a place where it is difficult to wonder that they should permit us even to serve their purposes. Criticism of such men is obviously an offence, and the more able the criticism, the greater the offence; therefore, "The Nation" has sinned grievously, and the only reason that I can invent to explain why it has not been totally suppressed is that the Government means to preserve it as a rare specimen of an almost extinct species, and therefore gives it the freedom of Yellow-Press Park.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

National Defence: A Study in Militarism. By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

There can be no peace until the people search for it with two assumptions: that the first, that war is not made by a conscious effort of any one's will, but is an event in political policy, an impasse; the second, that arms never can provide for national security, that they only keep nations insecure, and that they evolve an organisation, a morality, a necessity, and an expediency based upon force as Right, and that these are constantly extending their authority and their threats against liberty and self-government.

This is the thesis that Mr. MacDonald expounds in this book. It separates Mr. MacDonald definitely from the sentimental pacifists who, at the threat of war, become cynical militarists, and declare a "war to end war." It separates him no less definitely from the propaganda of the "League of Nations to Enforce Peace." This new union of nations (he says), must be assumed to be managed just as existing alliances are managed, for it does not propose to make any of the changes in international relations which I think essential. It is a League of the old order of national policy, not of the new. Within the Union there will be alliances and misunderstandings, co-operations, and rivalries. Outside it there will be the disputes of diplomacies and capitalism, the problems of markets, the campaigns of politicians, the unremoved fears and suspicions of nations. The Union itself will be controlled by the governing authorities of the nations, from whose point of view its activities will be conducted. It might even become a menace to liberty like a new Holy Alliance. It will certainly have all the small nations at its mercy, and, whilst presumably it would suppress rebellion, it would have no power to deal with the demands of subject peoples striving for liberty.

Mr. MacDonald's basal assumption is that the will of the peoples is a pacific will; and from that assumption, the argument is developed that it is necessary to develop effective means of expression of that pacific will. He proceeds to a consideration of Jaurès' plea for a citizen army, and of Marcel Sembat's "Faites la Paix"; and argues Jaurès out of court, concluding that "universal military training does not raise any barrier of public opinion against war; it only tends to make all public opinion pliable to authority." He considers in the next chapter Jaurès' argument that the citizen army would limit its activities to defence, and concludes that "there is no halfway house between absolute peace and absolute militarism." The chapter on "National Service and This War" is a most ingenious turning of the tables on the advocates of National Service; Mr. MacDonald argues that if National Service had been in force before the war, the whole strategy of the Allies would have been made impossible.

We should have made our supreme military effort at the beginning of the war, and should have been unable to give the industrial and financial help that we have given. Our casualties would have been much heavier during the first year, the costs would have been much greater, our munition supply much less, our industrial output greatly curtailed, and our financial staying power substantially diminished. All the earlier moves would have been intensified, but that does not mean that events would have been better for us.

He proceeds to discuss "Conscription," "The Mili-
Your Part in Poverty. By George Lansbury (Allen & Unwin. is. net.)

Shaw, in one of his ruthless moods, said: "Don't worry about the social problem. What is the matter with the poor is poverty; and with the rich, their uselessness," Mr. Lansbury apparently addresses this sentimental appeal to the rich, and, in effect, asics them to make themselves useful by abolishing themselves.

The book abounds in those contrasts between the two nations that Disraeli used to make, and attempts (not for the first time) to create a machinery of democratic diplomacy, with decisions guaranteed and enforced by the mutual confidence of the peoples, which only the existence of such an organisation can establish. We can have Hague Courts by the score and Arbitration Treaties by the thousand, but without this diplomacy of the democracy there can be no guarantee of peace.

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Pastiche. JOTTINGS.

After a heavy march, with full pack, one blanket and jerkin per man, the battalion arrived in a Hun-devastated village. Officers and men are posted in what remained of the place, partially shattered outhouses and the like.

"Oh, well," said the fed-up private, "we've been nodes all day, so they put us into stables at night! Pass the hay net along."

During the recent advance the roads were in a frightful state, especially near the original trench lines. The Pioneers were called upon to get the road ready for lorry traffic. Summing up the situation, one of the workers said, "Present task—putting two villages into shell-holes."

Two men were fitting boots. One, apparently in sarcasm, asked if any half-zises were available. This was too much for his pal. "Take what you blooming well can get," said he; "you're not in a blinking hat-shop!"

At the battalion concert. Restaurant scene. Time—February, 1917.

Patron: That's all right; keep the change.

Waiter: Good heavens! The first change I've had since November last!

Collapse of the C.O.M.S. in the audience.

The adjutant was a hard-working man, and was very seldom early for breakfast. Late one night the C.O., the adjutant, and the assistant adjutant were discussing an impending move.

"All right," said the adjutant, "I'll go over before breakfast."

"Whose?" inquired the A.A.

The adjutant was Scotch; hence no court-martial was convened.

Told by the R.S.M. At the side of a grave were gathered the usual crowd of soldiers and civilians.

"Who's dead?" asked a visitor.

"Oh, the sergeant-major!" replied a soldier.

"What complaint?"

"Oh, there's no complaint!" automatically came the reply. Pioneer.

TO ENGLAND'S MUSE.

Thou glorious queen, recumbent o'er our land,
In thunder veiled and glint of stabbing thought,
How long wilt thou endure that, overdrought,
Thine eyes which watched each movement of their love
My tongue to utter words my heart did preach,
And curst caresses all untimely sought,
And all unseemly fouled at brute command.
Lady, thy subjects perish; grant them life
Of gamester Mammon, and his fiends that brand
Thy spirit's vasty crucibles distil.
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Lady, thy subjects perish; grant them life
Of gamester Mammon, and his fiends that brand
Thy spirit's vasty crucibles distil.
Line upon line, oh, may that work draw near,
When demons fade, and phantoms nursed in fear.

J. A. M. A.

What didst thou ask that were so hard to give?
But common currency of courteous speech
And easy kindly looks—yet though I live
I must not think of thee—perhaps too much
My tongue to utter words thy heart did preach,
And longed but for occasion well to prove;
These eyes which watched each movement of their love
Dropped stolen whilst thy voice did me beseech.
Do senses freeze with love? Some power malign
Constrained reluctant smiles which else would leap
To sign surrender whilst the joyous surge
Which fills my being as a word of thine
Fled backwards to my heart's remotest deep;
I answered not—nought else have I to urge.

T. A. C.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. VAN DIEREN'S MUSIC.

SIR,—Mr. Frederick H. Evans in his letter begins by admitting the truth of my contention that Mr. Van Dieren's critics produced no evidence in support of their assertions. I find this: “One can understand the work, but only to show its careful instructive insight into his mind it is always interesting extensions, and combinations, it would not be surprising otherwise inevitable reproach of formlessness and elaborate analytical notes furnished by the composer beautiful to say,” and “If there is not a genuine idea, admitting the truth of my contention that Mr. Van Dieren's music is nothing but a string of platitudes, with which no one in his mood, or feeling dominating the composition, and a coherent expression of it, an inevitability in every note what Mr. Evans undertakes to supply, his Argument organic construction, and to render impossible the themes quoted through all their inversions, diminutions, all his time frantically chasing each 3 of the seventeen series of tricks without any meaning, while in Bach, Beethoven and others, these tricks are merely the means of conveying a vital thought, idea, or feeling. His only attempt at justifying this statement is a long and wearisome string of platitudes, with which no one in his senses would dream of disregarding. For example, “No method matters at all; any method which do so strike on, Mr. Evans is at perfect liberty to dislike Mr. Van Dieren's music—it is his loss, not mine—I only quarrel with him when he makes false suggestions.”

What right has he, for example, to make a statement such as the following? “These so-called 'modern' (as if he had not been told of them! But if Mr. Evans spent all his time frantically chasing each of the seventeen themes quoted through all their inversions, diminutions, extensions, and combinations, it would not be surprising to learn that he had been unable to grasp what he calls the 'spiritual impact' of the work.” In any case, the mere fact that Mr. Van Dieren's music conveys nothing to Mr. Evans personally has only psychological value, in so far as it gives us an instructive insight into his mind; it is always interesting to learn how certain things strike different people, but as criticism it is valueless. Mr. Evans is at perfect liberty to dislike Mr. Van Dieren's music—it is his loss, not mine—I only quarrel with him when he makes false suggestions.

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To prevent this crisis I had recommended the diminishing of purchases of bills on Germany. But M. Pouyer-Quertier had not watched these transactions with sufficient attention, and M. Dutilleul, the directeur du movement general des fonds, whose chief care was to contrive means of paying Germany while displacing specie as little as possible, had continued to accept all the exchange bills offered to him. He had received from the Bank of Paris, in particular, two hundred millions worth. This exchange, on London, which regulates all the rest, consequently went up considerably, which enabled a rush of precious metal to that city. From one single port, in one single day, some eighty millions in gold left France for England. And so the search of gold and silver money soon began to hamper the daily transactions in the markets and the retail houses.

What happened? M. Thiers anticipated Phipson and created temporarily, under the guarantee of certain houses of great credit, a kind of emergency paper money confined to local use. The Government of England, since the war, has done exactly the same thing, and when Phipson demands a currency that shall not be based upon a gold reserve whose fluctuations affect the value of everything, I agree with him. Mr. Leggett's easy minds neglect that of those who have to deal with financial matters.

As I want Mr. Leggett to make a habit of saying that I simply ignore his statements, I will notice another one. He asks me to explain the increase of English imports, after a stagnant period of twenty-five years, from 1903 to 1912, when the same international currency existed. The explanation is, of course, to be found in the quickening effort that accompanied Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, and in the rapid increase of the amount of capital invested abroad. But Mr. Leggett misunderstands Phipson's argument; I regret to have to say it of a correspondent who is so determined to tell me all the things I ever knew, but Phipson did not say, as Mr. Leggett says he did, "that we have paid for a big slice of our imports with an international currency." The point on which Mr. Leggett keeps harping to the exclusion of everything else, viz., how we pay for our imports, was not the most important point for Phipson, who was a staunch Free Trader in this respect, that his chief concern was to foster exports. Phipson said that an international currency robbed British manufacturers of the advantage of their exceptionally low exchange of exports since the beginning of this century only furnishes another proof of his contention. For the rate of increase, either in bulk or in value per head of the population, does not compare with what was accomplished during the thirty years of a national currency. The editors of his book, who give the table of figures for the century, remark: "During the national currency period, 1815-1914 (thirty-nine years), the annual exports of British goods have rarely doubled, while the annual imports per head of the population have risen from 100 to only 137." This is the situation with which Mr. Leggett is content. I regret that I have no space left in which to show that the system which, as Mr. Leggett triumphantly alleges, is good for Germany is not good for us; the argument is to be found in Phipson's book, which I wish Mr. Leggett would read before refuting. Phipson's economics alleges that real Free Trade will give to the Revolution the more support we shall be giving to the war.

The pacificist tail is powerful enough in Russia any more than here to wag the whole Left dog we simply do not believe.—"Notes of the Week."

Papers haven't made the workman's grievance; they've only put a name to it. When workmen ask for the control of their work, they mean the control of their own lives.

Capitlist industry requires Unemployment as certainly as it requires Employment.

As a result of the war we have made marketable a quantity of Labour running into millions of units, which hitherto was unmarketable or only potentially marketable.

The army of industry, like the military army, can travel no faster than its slowest arm.

Churches are irreplaceable. Reform them, but do not abolish them.

The training of the soul takes place not only, nor even chiefly, by and in the State, but by and in the family, the Guild, and the Church; and the State is quite as much there for the purpose of protecting these other organisations in their specific functions as for insisting upon its own specific rights.

Self-knowledge, the last knowledge that comes even to the wisest of men, is universally assumed to be a possession of us all and to go without saying—"Interviews."

For ideas like Truth, Beauty, Justice, Goodness, children have, I believe, a natural appreciation.—R. H. C.

All things without meaning, no matter how beautiful they may be, are in the end terrifying.

Only waters that flow can remain sweet.

Is Perfection an eternal stick with which to chastise existence?

A true goal should not be a cul-de-sac, but the peak from which to descry our next goal.

Perhaps in the distant future nations will become more pacific, men more warlike; peace will be maintained among nations in order that individuals may have a free arena in which to carry on their great contests.

When men forget death they rise highest, and create existence?

When men forget death they rise highest, and create.

It is a characteristic of all organisation that it cannot make provision for its own vital reformation. Genius itself is the origin of institutions.—A. E. R.

The first corrective of melancholy is wisdom.

Even the saints do sometimes try to take the Kingdom of Heaven by storm, with disastrous consequences to their serenity.—"Reviews."

When the artist comes in at the door the journalist flies out of the window.—CAROLINE CORDERT.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Your Special Correspondent, in his observation on the conduct of tribunals, notes with apparent surprise and condensation that "the feeling is frequently expressed that it is a hardship for a man to have to join the Army." Does he mean to deny that there are a great many cases where very great hardship is inflicted? It is inevitable. \(\text{[...]}\)

For it is not true that war cannot be carried on during an internal revolution. It would be better if it was, but it is only by means of something like an internal revolution that a war of principles can be carried on. If we have hitherto failed to exert our full strength in the cause, it is not because there is no need for it, but because we have been too delicate in the search for untried excellences, it is because we have been found out by our old sins. Our difficulties have not arisen because of what is new in our social organisation and introduced on account of the war. They have arisen because of what is old in our social organisation and maintained in spite of the war, and we cannot decently consider the experts who insisted that shrapnel was the only reputable missile, when the army was clamouring for high explosive, because, in far more important matters, we have behaved with the same pedantic conservatism ourselves. If we have seen munition works and coal mines brought within a measurable distance of paralysis by disputes between workers and employers, it is not because we have attempted to introduce some novel method of management more compatible than industrial autocracy with the principles which we profess. It is because we have chosen to stand helplessly by the established machine, even if it meant that the Navy obtained no coal and the Army no munitions. If we are in danger of a serious shortage of food, it is not because we have been too ruthless in our interference with ordinary economic activities. It is because we have left farmers and landlords and shipowners to pursue the great game of profit-making without regard to national needs; because we have shrunk from compelling ships which bring barley for beer in time of peace to bring wheat for bread in time of war; because we have refused to limit consumption in the only way in which it can be limited justly, by restricting the individual's purchases to what is necessary for his efficiency, irrespective of whether the individual who purchases is rich or poor. If, while the infantryman freezes and sweats under the German bombardment for a shilling a day, considerable numbers of his countrymen see nothing unnatural in making money out of the munitions needed to cause that bombardment to stop, it is not because we have made demands on human nature to which it is too weak to respond. It is because we have been too delicate to suggest that in case of war attention to the interests of a percentage, should be sacrificed to patriotism; or, that there is anything indecent in men and women becoming shareholders in the price of their relations' blood.

A "W.E.A. Soldier" in the "Welsh Outlook."

He appealed to women to volunteer and for attractive service, such as included a smart uniform, pleasant drill, a voyage to France, and a spell of adventure in company with soldiers.—MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN in Manchester.

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